

RICH ACTRESS SUES MILLIONAIRE FOR BROKEN PROMISE

Helen de Aragon, Ranch Owner, Demands \$50,000 for Blighted Affections.

HE IS SERVED BY RUSE.

Defendant Lured to Lakewood Station by Telephone Message From Woman.

Archibald Jermain McClure of Albany, who yesterday made the defendant in a \$50,000 breach of promise suit brought against him by Miss Helen de Aragon, whose identity was obscured by mystery, was successfully served with papers in the action late last night, and the fair complainant's identity was disclosed to-day by her attorney, Carl Wheeler Bliss of No. 140 Broadway.

Miss Aragon is better known under her stage name, Helen de Aragon, and she is said to be the great-granddaughter of a Spanish grandee. Recently an uncle died in Mexico and left her a ranch valued at more than a quarter of a million. Miss Aragon, according to her attorney, was a member of the cast of "The Merry Countess" until a week ago. She is now in the city, it was stated to-day, on the verge of a nervous breakdown due to the worry and humiliation of the pending suit.

The actress, a fine example of the dark, fiery type of Spanish beauty, excited the attention of young McClure, who first saw her over the footlights. He was formally introduced, to her by some of his friends and immediately began an ardent courtship. Miss Aragon feels that she has been cruelly hurt, she says, through Mr. McClure's failure to marry her, and she thinks he ought to pay her \$50,000 in damages for the heart wound he has caused.

LURED TO STATION PLATFORM TO BE SERVED.

"Miss Aragon has a perfect case against Mr. McClure," said Mr. Bliss in his office to-day. "He was served with the papers in the action on the railroad station in Lakewood, N. J., last night. He has been living at the Laurel Hotel there and we have been endeavoring to get him since last June without success. Last night through the aid of a ruse worked over the telephone we managed to lure him from his hotel. A woman called him up on the telephone. She was an old friend of his, and said that she wanted to see him. She asked him to meet her at the railroad station in Lakewood on a late train."

"Mr. McClure met the train, but instead of his woman friend, he was greeted by a young man from this office who handed him the papers in the suit. Mr. McClure was so surprised he said many things, used the full, deep tones of his voice, and his most extensive vocabulary, and, finally exhausted, he signed the papers, put them in his pocket, jumped into his automobile and returned to his hotel."

At the Shubert offices to-day it was said that Miss Aragon had been a member of "The Merry Countess" company three days when it was "tried out" in Atlantic City before it opened in New York. "Miss Aragon was independent," said one of the management to-day. "She went around with a chip on her shoulder and didn't seem to care whether she held her job or not. Finally she had a lively discussion with another member of the company and there was a battle royal with the result that the manager of the company sustained the other girl and Miss Aragon left the company in a huff."

MR. MCCLURE WAS THE HERO OF A FORMER ROMANCE.

Mr. McClure, who is a millionaire well known and liked in Albany, was the hero in a pretty romance that attracted wide attention in 1902. While on a train one day he bought a magazine which contained a series of photographs called "Types of Fair Women." One sank a deep shaft of love in his heart and he sought out the original and found her to be Miss Anna Caspary of Albany. Soon afterward she became Mrs. McClure. Love prospered until 1910 when young McClure was thrashed by a fellow clubman in Albany for some remark he made concerning Miss Aragon. McClure divorced her shortly afterward and he then met Miss Aragon. He is the son of an Albany man who died leaving an estate, it was estimated at the time, of more than a million dollars. McClure started out West after his father's death and it was while en route that he bought the magazine which contained his future wife's photograph.

MARRIED BANKER DENIES HE ASKED GIRL TO WED.

Frank B. Moody Says Fraulien Who Sues for \$100,000 Knows Him Slightly.

Frank B. Moody, banker, of No. 225 Riverside Drive, frankly denies Fraulien's claim that he asked her to marry. Moody, who is said to be worth \$100,000, was a wounded heart and the millionaire's refusal to wed her, declared to-day at his office, No. 55 Wall street, that he had never promised to marry the young woman. The banker's smilingly admitted just one allegation charged by Fraulien in her complaint charging the banker's breach of promise to marry her—that he knew her slightly.

"I'm not ready to discuss this case, or whatever you wish to call it," he said, pleasantly. "Of course, my family and myself are greatly surprised, but you can appreciate that I do not wish to get into print any more than I can help."

He was persuaded to admit one most unflattering charge against the young woman, and that was to disclose, as far as he knew, her age. He said that she is probably thirty-three years old.

Mr. Moody is a married man and maintains his family in his Riverside Drive home. Fraulien says she accepted him under the impression that he was a single man.

Chicago Hospital, Showing T. R.'s Room, And Nurse Attending the Ex-President



PLUG! UG! SLUG!
RIP! STICKS! BRICKS!
OH, MARSHMALLOWS!

Awfully Savage Warfare, Going On Just Now at Barnard College.

The war correspondent of The Evening World at Barnard College telephoned in the latest details to-day of the almost ended battle between this year's sophomores and freshmen. She asked that the information be not handled "too sensationally." With every willingness to oblige, the strictest rules demand that the whole truth be told unsperringly.

In the first place, the following rules were adopted by the sophomores at the opening of the college year:

- 1—Remain seated in lunch rooms or on subway trains when a sophomore is standing.
- 2—Wear hair ribbons.
- 3—Use the elevators.
- 4—Walk arm in arm holding hands in the corridors.
- 5—Use the main stairway.
- 6—Be seen in company with a man within four blocks of the college.

Only yesterday the freshmen, defiant and reckless and stung to wrath because individuals had been required to take off their ribbons and give up seats for several days, rose in their might, formed a solid phalanx and advanced with shrill cheers to the main stairway. They found the stairway blocked by a phalanx of sophomores, and after singing a few war songs and clapping a battle cry or so, marched out again, snubbing marshmallows defiantly.

And to-day Miss Carol Lorenz, the temporary chairman of the freshmen, told the most awfully daring thing: She stole the sophomore mascot! It is a little bronze image of an Indian. Miss Marjorie Hillas, the Sophomore captain, when she heard about it, went right to Miss Lorenz's room and made her give it back. Miss Hillas almost got the 1915 mascot, which was bequeathed by 1912, along with their colors, blue and black. The freshman mascot is a bronze dragon. Miss Hillas didn't get it because Miss Lorenz bravely refused to give it up.

Hostilities cease with the ending of classroom hours to-day, but many savage encounters as bitter as those described above were expected to occur during the day.

MAYOR GAYNOR SUEDED.

Made Defendant as Executor of Rich Ziegler Estate.

Mayor Gaynor, in the capacity of an executor of the will of the late William Ziegler, millionaire banking magnate, was made a co-defendant to-day in a suit for \$602.15. The directors of the estate, Mrs. E. Matilda Ziegler and William S. Camp, are defendants with the Mayor. The suit was filed by the Linden Building and Construction Company of Linden, N. J., and is in the Supreme Court.

Ziegler left an estate worth \$30,000,000. Among the real estate belonging to the estate are ten houses in Brooklyn. It is alleged that a watchman was employed through the Linden company to guard the houses and that repairs were made, through the same concern, on the dwellings. The amount sued for is alleged to be a balance due for money paid out by the Linden concern to pay the watchman and to make the repairs.



ROOSEVELT SITS UP; "I FEEL LIKE RUNNING FIVE MILES," HE SAYS

(Continued from First Page.)

with a nod, was referred to Mrs. Roosevelt. She simply shook her head.

COLONEL SAYS HE KNOWS WHO IS THE BOSS.

"If I didn't know who was boss, I guess I do now," he said, and that was the end of the rebellion.

"We know what's in eggs and toast," Mrs. Roosevelt said to the nurse, "but no one can tell what's in pancakes and sausage. The regular breakfast will be better for him."

Then, while Mrs. Hammond sorted out the papers for him, the Colonel fell to and ate heartily of the censored breakfast.

Asked how he felt he repeated the statement that he was "fine."

"I feel like I could run five miles," he continued, "even if it is a bad morning." Dr. Terrell said: "The fact that he had such a good night's sleep is very significant. It was a contrast to the night before and as the day wears on we will be better able to give an authoritative statement on his condition. No definite time can be set for the crisis because there might be a change just after we had given out a bulletin. However, the Colonel is in excellent shape."

The Colonel is said to suffer no pain because of pressure of the bullet against his fractured rib. The rib itself is now believed to be mending rapidly. When he awoke this morning he wondered whether the doctors would decide to remove the bullet. He said if it was extracted he would have it glued and made into a pocket piece.

Last night brought Col. Roosevelt more sleep than he has had since he was wounded. Shortly after 11 o'clock last night he dropped the book he had been reading, Mrs. Roosevelt retired to her room, the lights were extinguished and he fell asleep, not to awaken until 4:30 this morning, when his clinical record was taken for the only time during the night.

In all he slept more than six and a half hours, which he declared upon waking was more than he had been accustomed to in all his life. The Colonel felt fine. He not only said so himself, but he showed it in every way. His color was good, his eyes were bright and his manner was animated. The doctors reluctantly gave Roosevelt permission to talk with Gov. Johnson, providing the talk would be limited. The former President, from his sick bed, was again virtually assumed charge of his campaign, and while his appearance on the stump will unquestionably be limited to the Madison Square Garden meeting, two nights before election, Roosevelt will be the guiding hand behind the fight from this time on.

TO-DAY WILL TELL IF INFECTION WILL SET IN.

While to-day, according to the attending physicians, there will be a crisis in the Colonel's injury, that does not mean that Roosevelt's condition is critical to-day. Dr. Terrell explained this by say-

ing that if the twenty-four hours beginning at midnight passed without the formation of pus in the wound cavity, the possibility of blood poisoning or pneumonia, as an after effect, would have practically disappeared and the wound would heal in the normal course, leaving the bullet to be extracted or left where it is at the pleasure of the patient or his physician.

Dr. Terrell said that an encrusted bullet in a man with Col. Roosevelt's physique would probably go with him through life without causing him any discomfort. It is probable, however, that in case Roosevelt passes the crisis successfully it will be deemed advisable to remove the bullet sometime this fall, when the Colonel's condition is restored to normal.

Dr. Lambert said that the Colonel would be allowed to see visitors to-day, but that only one would be admitted. Gov. Johnson, O. R. Davis and others had planned for a big political conference in the afternoon.

TAKES A BOTTLE ON HIS HUNTING TRIP.

Roosevelt showed a willingness to act on the doctors' orders to-day and said that he would back up in the play whatever action they might take in regard to conferences or anything else. Last night, after giving out a statement, the Colonel was completely exhausted, and it was then for the first time that the realization that he was still in a serious condition was brought home to him.

Dr. Lambert said that he had been on hunting trips with Roosevelt for several years, and that the Colonel always took a bottle of whiskey along with him.

"Was the cork ever pulled?" asked some one.

"No," laughed Lambert. "The Colonel doesn't drink except after strenuous woodchopping or a hard tennis game. Then he takes a little Rhine wine and seltzer to relieve his fatigue."

"Sometimes at banquets the Colonel takes a little champagne. However, the Colonel does not make a practice of drinking and he doesn't smoke at all. This is the reason he has not shown any nervousness during his illness."

A Big Trial Package, 10c.

Also in pounds and half pounds.

WESTERNER HERE SEEKS WIFE LURED BY WHITE SLAVER

Says Flashily Dressed Man She Met on Train

Drugged Her.

LONG ON THE TRAIL.

Woman Left Detroit to Visit in Ohio and Was Last Seen in Pittsburgh.

Ernest Ricketts, a well-to-do real estate broker of Detroit, went to Police Headquarters to-day with a story stranger than any heard there since the mystery of Dorothy Arnold. It concerned the sudden disappearance of a wife, the tracing of the woman's flight through various cities in the company of a notorious character wanted by Federal authorities as the head of the white slave traffic in this country and the ultimate obliteration of the trail, desperately pursued by the husband.

Ricketts said that many years ago he had adopted as his ward Lillian, the daughter of Frank Price, an old friend, who died, leaving his only child an orphan. As the ward grew to womanhood love ripened between them, and finally when she was seventeen, they were married and took up their home at No. 713 Trumbull avenue, Detroit. Their happiness was without flaw, Ricketts said to-day; his wife was of the quiet, home loving type who had her every want satisfied.

On Sept. 12 she left Detroit to visit friends in Maumee, Ohio. She had promised that she would be home before night; the journey was one of only ninety miles. But she did not return home that night, and when Ricketts called the house of her friends on the telephone he learned that she had not been there at all.

THE WOMAN MET A FLASHILY DRESSED MAN ON TRAIN.

The next day Ricketts started for Maumee on the same train his wife had taken. The conductor told him that on the previous day a flashily dressed man with a full, smooth shaven face, had got on the train at Fort Wayne and had engaged a woman answering perfectly the description of Mrs. Ricketts in conversation. The porter had brought her a cup of coffee from the buffet at the end of the Pullman.

After drinking the coffee the woman had appeared dazed and showed indications of being drugged. She could hardly hold her head up and her eyes were glazed. The conductor inquired of the man who was her companion what was the matter, to be told that the woman had passed through an operation recently and was weak. The stranger did not allow her to get off at Maumee, but paid her fare as far as Toledo, where they got off the train together.

Ricketts hurried to Toledo and there found that people about the station recollected having seen a woman who acted as if drugged get off the train in the company of a man. The husband traced the pair to the Park Hotel, where they registered as "J. B. Gorman and wife." They arrived on Sept. 26, and stayed at the Park Hotel until Oct. 1, the time, and when she was seen by the hotel employees she showed the same unusual signs of lassitude and semi-consciousness.

TRACED THE COUPLE TO PITTSBURGH STATION.

At 11:15 on the night of Oct. 1 the man and the woman caught the train for Pittsburgh, after riding to the station in a taxi. Ricketts found it easy to establish the fact, for there were several who remembered the dazed attitude of the woman. They rode to Pittsburgh, stopped over there for one train and then started for Baltimore.

There he beyond Pittsburgh has been found. Ricketts succeeded in getting the Department of Justice officials who are engaged in running down the white slave traffic to find out a master of the white slave traffic whom they have long been trying to arrest is the one who kidnapped Mrs. Ricketts.

Assisted by the detectives from the Department of Justice, Ricketts has searched Baltimore, Washington and Norfolk for his wife and now he is going to try to locate her in New York. She is 5 feet, 2 inches in height, according to her husband's description of her, weighs 120 pounds, has brown hair and gray eyes and was dressed in a blue suit and black straw hat when she left home. She wore a 22 degree Scottish style ring on her right hand and on her left hand, besides her wedding ring, one pearl ring, a cluster of diamonds and a turquoise ring.

WOMAN WHO WAS LURED FROM A TRAIN. HER HUSBAND SAYS



COUPE ARRIVES TO TAKE STAND AGAINST BECKER

Elks' Club Employee, Who Flew to England, Says He Will Tell Whole Story.

Thomas Coupe Jr., formerly night clerk at the Elks' Club in West Forty-third street and wanted as a witness for the prosecution in the trial of Lieut. Charles Becker, arrived here to-day on the Mauretania. He was in the care of Assistant District Attorney William A. De Ford, who persuaded him to leave his home in Preston, Lancashire, and return to give his evidence.

Coupe went to England soon after the shooting, feeling, as he said to-day, that "this country was too uncomfortable for him." He would not admit directly that he had received threats that his life was in danger if he told what he had seen in Forty-third street immediately after Herman Rosenthal was shot to death. Mr. De Ford told him not to discuss the matter, he said. The State has closed the case against Becker and Coupe can only be called in rebuttal. "I shall go on the stand and tell all I know freely," he said. "Then I shall return to England. I like New York and I like the gay night life here. But it is time for me to settle down. My father wants me to go into the dry goods business with him in Preston and I think I shall do so."

"I have two reasons for coming back. One was to kill the report that I was a coward and afraid to come. The other was to set at rest the slander that I had been bribed to leave the country."

"I did not want to come back when Mr. De Ford first asked me, but my father said it was my duty and I did. There is the greatest interest in the Becker trial in England. The Daily Mail has a cable report of a column or more every day. The insurance companies over there would not accept me as a risk except Lloyd's. They offered to insure my life for the trip at the rate of \$10 for each 100. That shows what they think over there my danger is."

(Classified.)

(From the Houston Post.) Visitor—So I belong to the animal kingdom, do I? That is right, my little dear. I see you know your lessons. Now, tell me what kind of an animal I am.

Child—Ma knows and she says you're a cat.

Young style and Young quality are the standard measure of Hat merit—full measure too.

Young's Hats

Derbies and Soft Hats, \$3 & \$4

PUT THE OTHER FIFTEEN CENTS IN THE BANK

Eddys
Solid English
Sauce
Per 10c. Bottle
IT'S WORTH A QUARTER TO TRY IT

YOU WILL SAY SO YOURSELF. GROCERS WILL IT.

E. Pritchard, Maker, 231 Spring St., N. Y.

REGISTER TO-DAY.

To-day and Saturday are the last days of registration. If you do not register you cannot vote. Registration booths will open at 7 A. M. and close at 10 P. M.

Saturday's Special Offering

Cozy—Swagger Great Coats

\$10.98

Real \$18 Values

This assortment shows practically the whole trend of long-coat styles, just as the more expensive assortments do; while the material and trimmings are such as you will rarely find in \$10.98 coats.

New Chinchillas Double-Faced Materials Ulster Tweeds

Fifth avenue custom tailors are not showing anything smarter or more graceful. The new rough diagonal and boucle effects, mixtures and chevrons, in the prevailing two-tone colorings which characterize the smartest productions of the season. Motor styles and braid-trimmed walking coat styles, with wide patch pocket—thoroughbred, man-tailored coats.

Alterations FREE SALE AT ALL BEDELL STORES

Bedell

14 & 16 West 14th Street—New York 460 & 462 Fulton St.—Brooklyn 645-651 Broad St.—Newark, N. J.

John Daniell Broadway, 8th and 9th Sts.

Will Offer on Saturday

Women's and Misses' Suits

At Remarkable Reductions

Materials are the finest, the styles perfection. Some are in smart tailored effects, others in stylishly trimmed models. Brown, Navy, Gray and Black. For this sale..... 16.50

Values to \$27.75

Alterations Free. Perfect Fit Guaranteed

Week's End Specials in

Trimmed Hats—suitable for all occasions, newest colorings, latest ideas and styles, becoming to everyone. Big Values at 4.95, 6.50, 8.50 and 10.00

Cute Hats for Little Tots from 95c

Untrimmed Hats

Velvet..... 2.25 Velour..... 3.95 Plush..... 3.95 Soft Felts..... 1.25

A Variety of Fancy Feathers

Newest effects and colorings..... 35c, 50c and 95c

A Choice Showing of Corsage Bouquets from..... 50c

WHY DID JANE MISS THE BRIDGE CLUB?

"Why didn't Jane come to the bridge club this afternoon?" asked a young housekeeper.

"Poor Jane!" replied her friend. "She has been helping her mother with housecleaning, and her hands are so rough and red that she couldn't bear to come."

If Jane had used

VELOGEN

"Beauty's Guardian"

she could have played bridge, confident that her hands would have been as soft and white as any one else's. Velenogen is the housekeeper's best friend. It keeps the hands soft and fair when gently rubbed in night and morning, and its continued use clears up a complexion and makes it one of lilies and roses. At all druggists, in collapsible tubes, 25 cents.

Better than cold cream, used the same way.

"How Jones Bought His Home on \$1000 Down." This interesting booklet upon request, Otto Singer, Inc., 248 Kings Highway, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Send Ten Cents in Stamps to The World and secure a Large Photogravure of Woodrow Wilson. Nicely enclosed in a tube, postage paid. PHOTO BY PACH BROS.

What's Good for Charlie's Lady?

See Jones & Co. 400 Broadway. 25c. per box.